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WINTER *Celebrated at* LONDON.

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E'en Spring *diſpleaſes, when* She *ſmiles not here,*
But, bleſt with Her, *'tis Spring thro' all the Year.*

LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row.*
M. DCC. XLVI.

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WINTER *Celebrated at* LONDON.

WHERE proud *Auguſta*, Empire of the Great,
Sees a whole World pay Tribute at her Feet,
Where ſocial Pleaſure, with indulgent Sway,
Chears ev'ry Breaſt, and bids e'en *Want* be gay,
The Muſe begins —— Ye *Britiſh* Fair-Ones, ſmile;
So ſhall your Favours recompenſe my Toil;
So ſhall Mankind the Ear attentive lend,
Since All the World admires what You commend.

For You, kind Nature ſhifts the reſtleſs Year,
And varying Seaſons roll, to bleſs the Fair:
To charm your Footſteps thro' the winding Maze,
Unfolding Spring a thouſand Sweets diſplays:
For You, with genial Heat the Summer glows,
Smiles in the Fields, and bluſhes in the Roſe:
Autumnal Suns, to gratify your Taſte,
With Fruits and Plenty crown the long Repaſt:
And ſhiv'ring Winter charms no leſs than theſe,
If Change of Joys can boaſt the Pow'r to pleaſe.

Tir'd with the mid-day Heat, and Ev'ning Gale,
The wide-ſtretch'd Proſpect, and the flow'ry Vale,
The bubbling Fountain, and the Linnet's Song,
(For who can bear e'en *Harmony* too long?)
Cynthia, the Paſſion of contending Swains,
Flies to the Town, and leaves the ſylvan Scenes.
Unhappy Scenes! the Birds forgot to ſing,
And Nature mourn'd her, till returning Spring.

Ye airy Sylphs, who hover round the Fair,
With Aid invisible, but always near,
Assist your Poet, while his daring Muse
Sings the Diversions that the Nymph pursues,
When frozen Streams in lazy Currents run,
And the big Cloud, portentous, hides the Sun.

See sullen Night with tardy Step retires,
And in the Lamp the glimm'ring Flame expires.
On Roofs of Snow reflected Sun-Beams play,
And early Business fills the strait'ned Way.
With Cries of diff'rent Note resounds the Street,
And Coaches roll, and joltling Carmen meet.
On his deep-furrow'd Brow the Broker wears
Schemes yet in Embryo, and unwieldy Cares;
While the grave Doctor, from the Tumult free,
Lolls in his Chariot, and expects the Fee.

The Fair still slept, while Sleep, to Fair-Ones kind,
Bid visionary Scenes divert her Mind;

Where ſhone the Circles of the Great and Gay,
Who ſhar'd the Dance, and paſs'd the Hours at Play;
Where, arm'd with Gallantry, the well-dreſs'd Beau,
In Slumber, bid the Cheek with Bluſhes glow;
Till early Footmen, with untimely Noiſe,
And op'ning Lap-Dogs, interrupt her Joys;
Then fled the airy Sweets of calm Repoſe,
And the unwilling Maid with Sighs aroſe,
Perus'd the Morning's Billet-doux with Care,
And, next, to Beauty's Queen preferr'd her Pray'r.

" Oh Thou, whoſe Pow'r ſupreme, and gentle Sway,
" Not Mortals only, but the *Gods*, obey,
" Celeſtial *Venus*, Guardian of the Fair,
" Who lives unheeded, if without thy Care;
" Still may Mankind thy ſov'reign Rule adore,
" And Altars blaze, till Time ſhall be no more!
" But Oh! with full Succeſs my Wiſhes crown,
" Long may I reign the Fav'rite of the Town;
" Long may I boaſt th' unrivall'd Pow'r to *kill*;
" Joy more than *Life*, belov'd beyond *Quadrille*!

" With

" With ev'ry Grace my faultleſs Form ſupply,
" Till Prudes in ſecret rack'd with Envy die.
" And when I wed (if ſuch the Will of Fate)
" May no learn'd Pedant be my future Mate;
" No Wretch, who Gold prefers to Joys like thine,
" Nor Sot, enamour'd with the Fumes of Wine.
" All Cares, but Love, with Pleaſure I forego,
" And all my Wiſhes centre in a Beau."
So pray'd, nor vainly, the Heart-conqu'ring Fair,
Love's Goddeſs liſt'ned, and approv'd the Pray'r:
Then bid, t' adorn the Nymph, each ſmiling Grace
With more than mortal Beauty arm her Face,
Call forth the latent Miſchiefs of her Eyes,
And give the Bluſh that with the Morning vies.
To crown the Whole, inventive Fancy came,
And with the Pow'r of Dreſs improv'd the Dame;
From ev'ry Clime ſome gaudy Tribute bore,
And deck'd her with the Spoils of *India*'s Shore;
While Faſhion, as the Ocean unconfin'd,
Diſpos'd each Charm to captivate the Mind.

And now with warmer Pow'r the Sun-Beams glow,
And Kennels widen with diſſolving Snow,
In ev'ry Street officious Shoe-Boys ply,
And meagre Poverty prefers its Cry.
Touch'd with the Ills that wait on pining Woe,
With lib'ral Hand their Alms the Good beſtow;
E'en *Av'rice* ſtops, affected with the Sight,
And, e'er he cheats the Orphan, gives his Mite.
'Tis Noon, and Buſineſs dwells in ev'ry Face,
Directs the Eye, and animates the Pace:
Big with the Proſpect of ſome future Gain,
The Merchant's Haſte, nor Winds, nor Show'rs detain;
With unloop'd Hat he dares th' inclement Day,
Nor heeds the daſhing Spout, or miry Way.
So, bent on Riches, on th' unfriendly Waves,
Impending Death the bold Advent'rer braves;
Bears *India*'s ſcorching Suns, and *Zembla*'s Cold,
And mocks all Dangers, for the Charms of Gold.
Now *Ludgate-Hill* with rattling Coaches ſwarms,
And thro' the Saſh the gaudy Tiſſue charms.

Here croud *Britannia*'s Pride, intent t' expreſs
The Pow'r of Fancy, by their Skill in Dreſs.
Vers'd in the Rhet'rick that ſupports his Trade,
The ſmooth-tongu'd Mercer ſhews the rich Brocade;
Expatiates on the Labours of the Loom,
And ſells, for Foreign, Patterns wrought at Home:
Pleas'd with the Whole, in Heſitation loſt,
The Nymph ſtands doubtful which ſhe fancies moſt;
Till, ſtruck by ſomething New, ſhe buys at laſt,
Pays the full Price, and glories in her Taſte.

Nor with leſs Judgment, or inferior Grace,
The artful Milaner harangues on Lace;
Deſcribes each Faſhion that allures the Eye,
The Mobb *Venetian*, Quoif, or airy Fly;
What Ribbands ſuit the Freſh, and what the Wan,
And dwells upon the Colours of a Fan;
Improves each Hint, and hangs on ev'ry Tale,
And keeps Diſcourſe alive, with Lungs that never fail.
Is there a Poet, whoſe capacious Rhimes
Can range diſtinct the Faſhions of the Times?

Where-e'er

Where-e'er he dwells, ye Muſes, round him ſhine;
A Task ſo arduous calls for all the Nine.
His let it be, to ſing, in lofty Lays,
The Hoop's wide Circle, and the Diamond's Blaze,
Paint the gay Ornaments that deck the Fair,
And praiſe the wavy Ringlets of her Hair.
But Time rolls on, impatient of Delay,
And Hunger ſends the Citizen away:
To Halls well-furniſh'd Liv'rymen repair,
And feaſt, in Fancy, on the Bill of Fare:
Calmly they drown th' eternal Feuds of State,
And bid e'en Buſineſs till To-morrow wait.
Homeward, returning ſee the blooming Fair,
Pleas'd with her Bargains, and devoid of Care;
No gloomy Thought her peaceful Mind annoys,
Nor Spleen malevolent diſturbs her Joys;
In the gay Chariot rais'd, ſhe rolls along,
Safe from the Hardſhips that affect the Throng;
Exults amidſt the Rigours of the Day,
And hears the whiſtling Tempeſt round her play.
The witleſs Fop, unheedful of the Storm,
Stands fixt, and wonders at th' angelic Form;

Ling'ring,

Ling'ring, looks back, in Admiration loſt,
Nor gains his Senſes, till he meets a Poſt.

So, on the faithleſs Waves, the Syren-Train,
With melting Airs the Mariner detain;
Heedleſs, he ſails along the dang'rous Seas,
Enchanted with the Muſic of their Lays,
Till, bulg'd upon ſome Rock, he mourns too late
His Stay, and yields unwillingly to Fate.
Now Plenty triumphs o'er the genial Board,
And grateful Wines a gen'rous Warmth afford;
While Mirth, Effect of Innocence, prevails,
And wakes the ſocial Laugh with well-told Tales;
Lively in Years, perhaps, hiſtoric Age
With *Britain*'s Glories paſt their Thoughts engage;
Recounts the Wonders *Naſſau*'s Conqueſts wrought,
" * How *Anne* commanded, and how *Malbro'* fought;"
Then paints the Joys that wait on *Brunſwick*'s Name,
And dwells in Raptures on the fav'rite Theme.
Hence ſhall our Sons, when long in future Days,
Chearful they ſit around th' enliv'ning Blaze,

* PRIOR.

Rouz'd at the Mem'ry of *Rebellion* vile,
(Hereditary Vice of *Scotia*'s Soil)
Tell how their Fathers join'd War's doubtful Chance,
To conquer Faction, and to humble *France!*
How *William* (glorious Name!) the Traitors drove!
His Cauſe, our Country, and his Guardian *Jove.*
But ſofter Things the Female Band amuſe,
Than Wars, Ambition, Politics, and News;
To hardier Breaſts they truſt the Martial Toil;
Kill with a Frown, and conquer with a Smile.
Theirs is the Taſk o'er Faſhions to preſide,
And fix the changing Ornaments of Pride;
Recount the Arts that captivate the Mind,
Subdue th' Inconſtant, and attract the Blind;
Safe in their Charms, admire the well-form'd Plan,
And join their Sex's Pow'r, to conquer Man.
Subjects ſo copious aſk a longer Day,
And Themes ſo fruitful wear the Hours away:
But Pleaſure calls, and Scenes inſtructive glow,
With all the mournful Eloquence of Woe;
Monimia, fainting, on *Caſtalio* cries,
And ſad *Arpaſia* with *Moneſes* dies.

Mad

Mad as the Sea, *Othello* raves, diſtreſt;
And Patriot-Zeal inſpires a *Cato*'s Breaſt:
Here wild Ambition mourns her tott'ring State,
And Envy ſickens at the Tyrant's Fate;
There ſorrowing Virtue pains the gen'rous Mind,
And Love, unpity'd, bids the Fair be kind.
Theſe were the Arts, that pleas'd a former Age,
When *Booth*, majeſtic, grac'd *Britannia*'s Stage;
When *Oldfield*, ſkill'd to paint diſtreſsful Woe,
Bid marble Breaſts with fond Compaſſion glow:
And ſtill they flouriſh, ſtill the Town may boaſt
Names not inferior e'en to thoſe it loſt;
Garrick, each Paſſion that he feigns, can move,
And *Cibber* ſoftens all the Soul to Love:
In theſe ſurvives what matchleſs *Shakeſpear* writ,
And ſtill the World admires a *Congreve*'s Wit.
The youthful Hero views th' inſpiring Scenes,
And martial Ardour kindles in his Veins;
While the fond Virgin, on the Brink of Fate,
Warn'd by *Caliſta*, ſhuns the dang'rous Bait.
Ye modern Wits, who, emulous of Fame,
Build, on the Comic Scene, the deathleſs Name,

Would

Would ye excell? With

The Jeſt immodeſt, and

So ſhall the gen'ral Shou

And *Britain*'s Fair atten

The moral Tale ſhall ple

And *Guilt* alone ſhall re

Thus, chearful, Win

And gay Diverſions crow

Joys, yet unſung, t' am

And Skies inclement ſpe

Attentive * *Wisk*, and c

And Pomp and Splendo

Days, quick-revolving,

And glad the Fancy, ti

* *Whiſt.*

? With ſtricteſt Care reſtrain
eſt, and the Phraſe prophane;
ral Shout your Toil repay,
air attend the Poet's Day;
ſhall pleaſe the virtuous Youth,
ſhall redden at the Truth.
ul, Winter-Ev'nings roll away,
ons crown the ſhort'ned Day:
g, t' amuſe the Fair remain,
nent ſpend their Rage in vain:
, and courtly Viſits call,
Splendor animate the Ball:
olving, Change of Pleaſures bring,
ancy, till returning Spring.

FINIS.

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